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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 90.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 23, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Beryl Faber

Who appears this week in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's four-act play, *The Duffer*, at the Comedy Theatre

No. 90 - Vol. VII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
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BOOKS RECEIVED

"Captain Sheen." A Novel. By Charles Owen. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Terror by Night." A Novel. By James Maclaren Cobban. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Tenderfoot." By W. J. Sheppard. (John Long: 6s.)

"Flashes from Cape Diamonds." By Jack the Connaught Ranger. (John Long: 3s. 6d.)

"The Quakeress." A Novel. By Max Adeler. (Ward, Lock 6s.)

"The Weird Well." By Mrs. Alec McMillan. (Greening: 6d.)

"Saintly Sinners, by John Milton, Re-incarnate and Disillusioned." (Greening: 6d.)

"The Law of the Steel Trap." By George Greenwood. (Humanitarian League: 1d.)

"Guide-book to Brittany and Tour[illegible]e." (A. and C. Bla[illegible] 2s. 6d.)

A Guide to Jersey, Guernsey, He[illegible] Alderney, Western Normandy. By C[illegible] (A. an[illegible] C. Black: 1s.)

FOR HOLIDAY READING.

VOL. VI.

The Bystander

(April to June, 1905)

Bound in Green Stamped Cloth with Gold Lettering,

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AN EXCELLENT PRESENT FOR FRIENDS ABROAD OR IN THE COLONIES.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, [illegible] of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded

Random Jottings

The Triumphs of Peace

Peace has her triumphs as well as War; and the detailed reports of what the Russian representatives at the Portsmouth (U.S.A.) Conference said to the Japanese, and what the Japanese replied to the Russians, have not been the least of these. Many people, indeed, have never guessed that the Conference was held behind closed doors.

The Truth Will Out

Mistakes, of course, were made. When, on a famous occasion, M. Witte's cigarette went out, one special representative inferred that the cession of Saghalien to the Japanese was a fact, while another skilfully proved that General Linievitch had received orders to crush Oyama. Speaking in the light of later events, we are enabled to state that the only proper inference was that M. Witte had forgotten to puff at his cigarette.

Needlessly Offensive

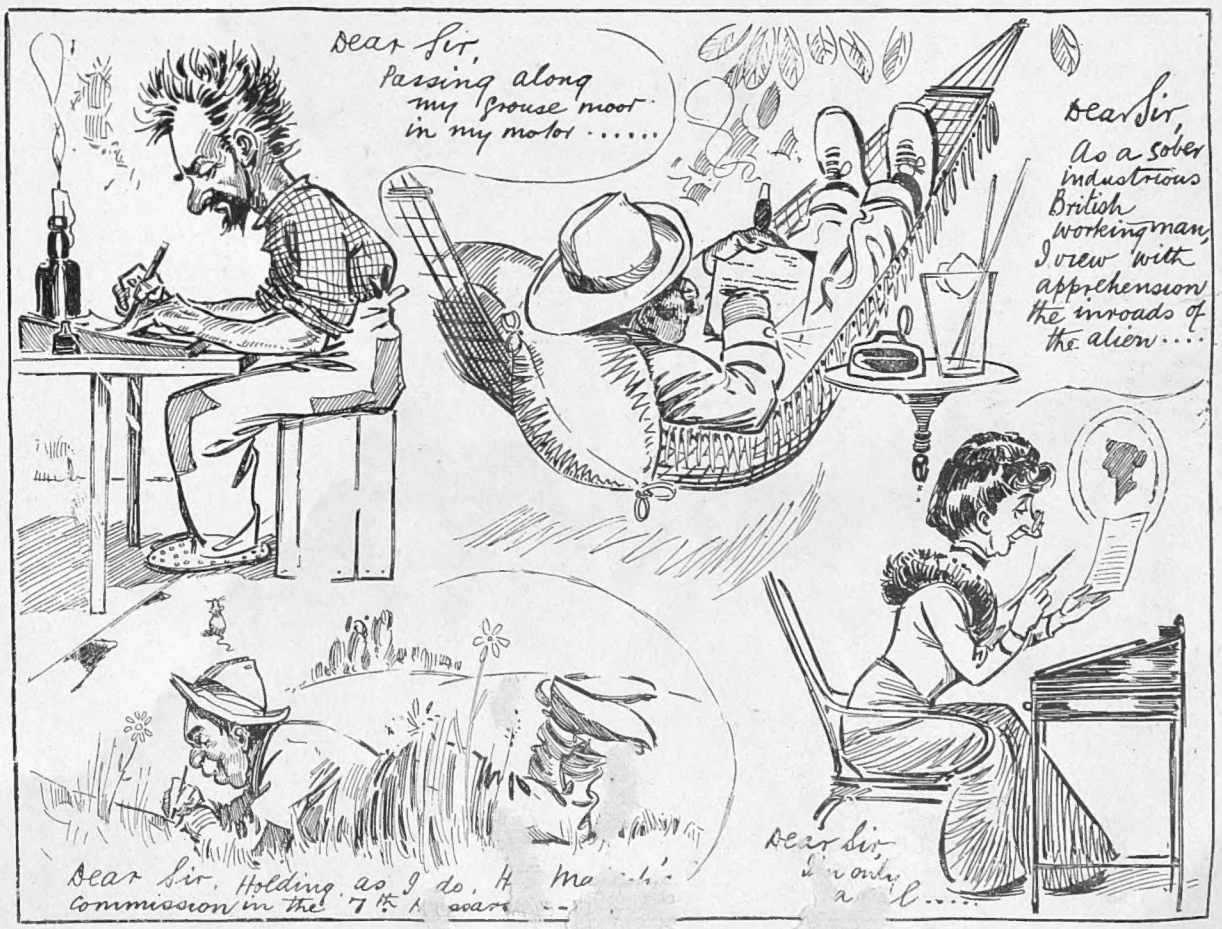
We are glad that the proposal, made at one time by one of the Russian diplomatists, that a summary of the results arrived at in the day's discussion should be supplied every evening to reporters, was rejected. There was no need whatever to offer such an insult to the intelligence and enterprise of the many able Press representatives whom the Conference has brought together.

A Bright Idea

Members of Parliament in this country, who object to the way in which their speeches are becoming more and more abridged by the editors of the great dailies, have, it is reported, got an idea from this Portsmouth (U.S.A.) Conference. They intend to bring in a Bill closing the House of Commons to the Press during debates, in the belief that this will bring back the palmy days of verbatim reports.

Disciplinary Measures

Some curiosity has been felt as to what disciplinary measures the Bishop of Strasburg will take if the clergy of his diocese continue to ride bicycles in defiance of his veto. One can hardly picture the Bishop strewing tin-tacks by night along the Strasburg roads; still less does one like to think of him sitting at a sharp corner,



HOLIDAY LETTERS TO TH ERS—A IC WRITERS

(In the word Connie Ediss, "I d t know—b)

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"Stories of the Day"

(With acknowledgments to the EVENING STANDARD—*for the title)*

A Fish Story

The fine trout which was caught by a retriever last week in the stream at High Wycombe, and restored to its native element unharmed, has since (writes a Wycombe lady) developed an extraordinary dislike for dogs. Indeed, as I was walking by the bank the other day, the savage fish leapt out of the water and made a snap at my poodle. Poor Fido was thoroughly frightened. Anything black seems to raise the trout's anger, and little boys from the town hardly like to bathe in the stream now.

A Regent Street Crevasse

A gentleman who, while climbing in Regent Street, fell into a crevasse the other night, has given a lecture on his experiences to members of the Alpine Club. "The sensation of falling," he says, "was not an unpleasant one, and I experienced no fear. The shock at the bottom made me unconscious, but I was able to give my address to the policeman who rescued me also immediately, and the cabman and I held quite a long conversation on the way home. Of course, the authorities ought not to take up the whole width of the street at once, but I would as soon die in this way as any other."

The Winkle Season

The following painful experience (says the *Grumbetown Gazette*) befell a strong party of sportsmen (including seven ladies), who were out after winkles yesterday. Deceived by a local boatman, they were caught by the incoming tide, and only just succeeded in scrambling on to a high rock, where they spent the night. Unfortunately, they were unable to avail themselves of their bag, which was considerable, as, curiously enough, there was not a pin between them, and the winkles escaped in the night, leaving them faint with hunger.

A Shah Tale

Anxious to witness Mixed Bathing, of which he had heard glowing accounts, the Shah—according to an Ostend Journal—commanded his Grand Vizier to change into a smart bathing costume and cap, and thus arrayed to enter a bath in the hotel. The Grand Vizier was given a rope to hold on by, while the Persian Monarch much enjoyed himself, turning the douche on to his Minister for half an hour at a time.

The Passing of August

(By a Football Enthusiast)

Still "Cricket Specials" are our lot,
And flaming posters stab the eye
With wickets marvellously got,
Or centuries by Hirst and Fry.
With boundary drive and stolen bye,
Feed well, great bats, your hungry score;
Make hay while yet the sun is high—
The days are closing in once more!

Still "wet-bobs" hunt the wily pot,
And oar and slide with vigour ply,
At each regatta where they wot
They stand a chance of victory.
But eve by eve each heaves a sigh,
As gingerly he steps ashore,
To note how in the western sky
The days are closing in once more.

Already in some lonely spot
The Muddied Oaf is furtively
Perfecting his pet corner shot,
Or scoring from an awkward try.
As the e'er glorious First draws nigh,
He scrapes the boots he last year wore,
And thanks his gods, as loud as I,
The days are closing in once more.

ENVOI

Summer, thy golden moments fly,
And with them racquet, bat, and oar;
The Faithful murmur joyfully—
"The days are closing in once more!"

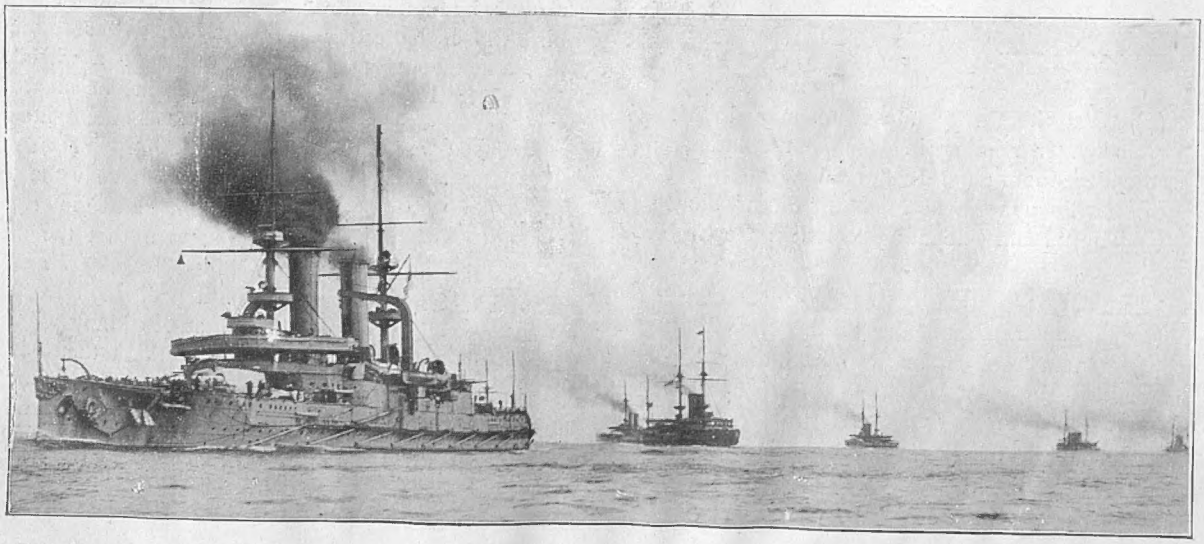
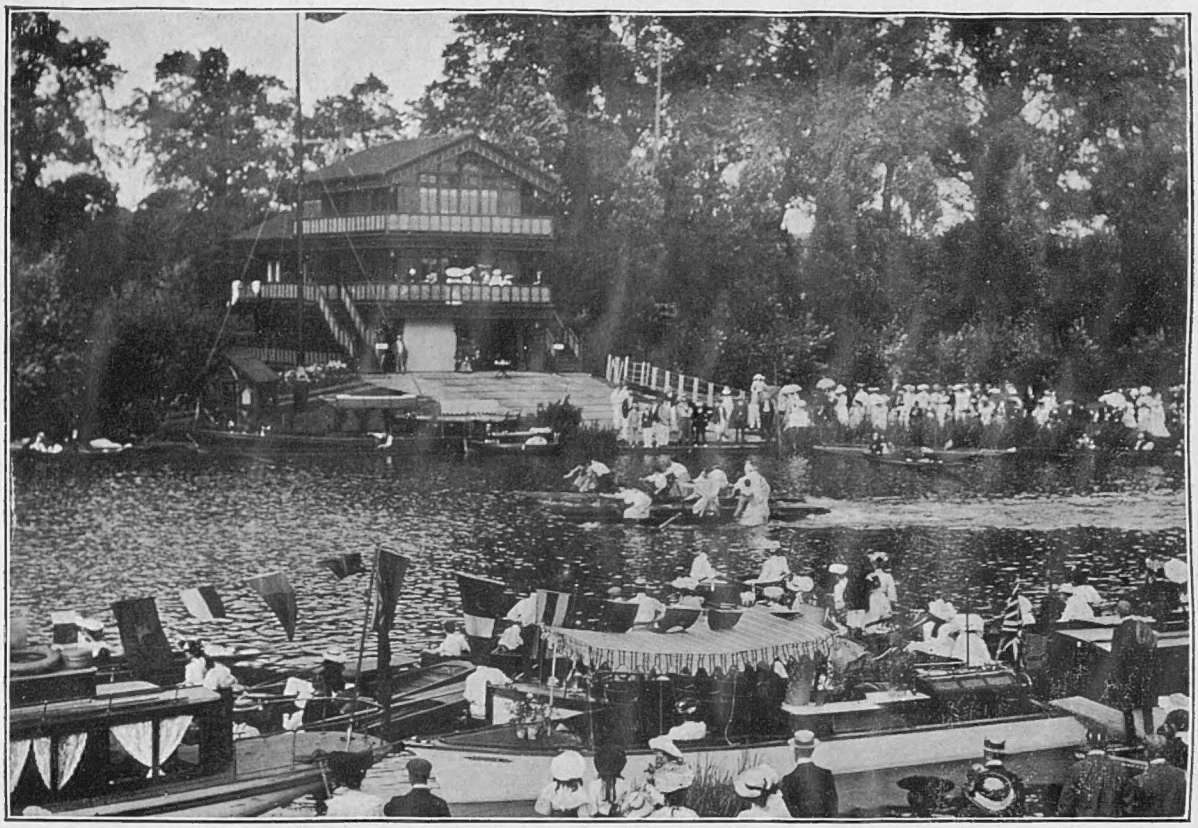


Photo by] **More Naval Jaunts: The Channel Squadron leaving Spithead for the Baltic** *[Stephen Cribb, Southsea*

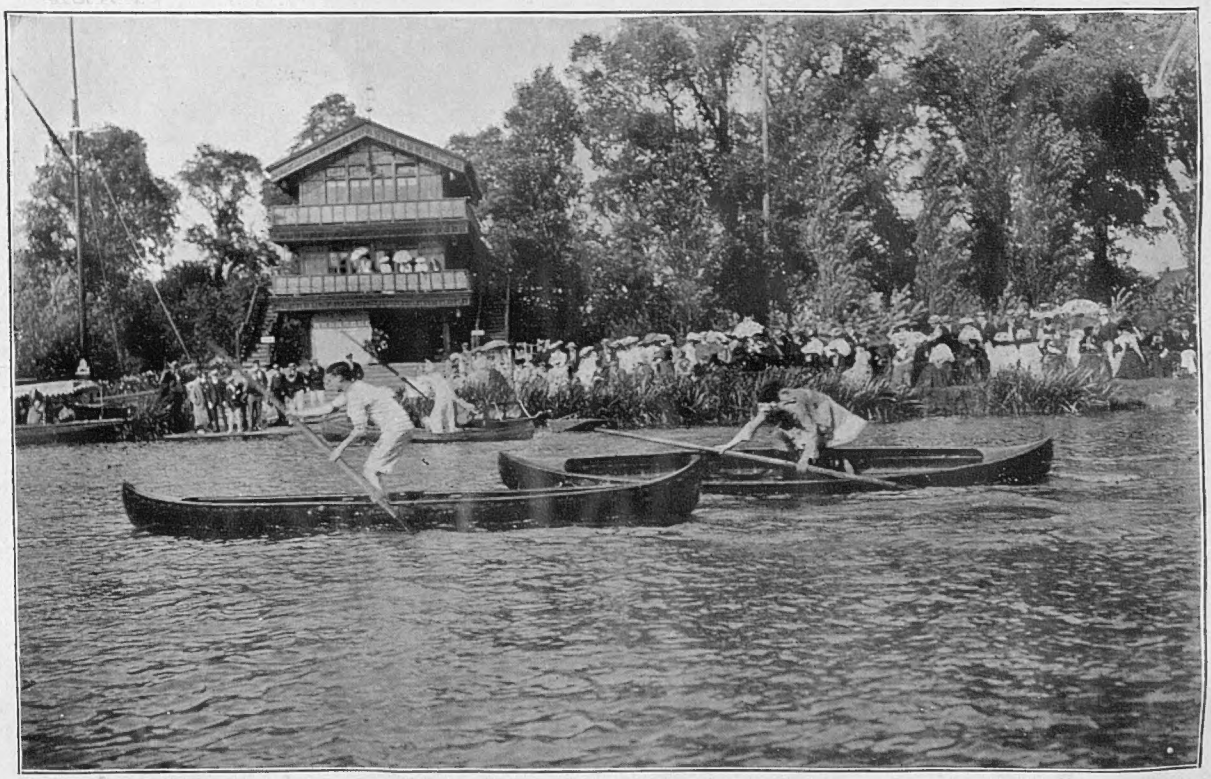
"Kent's Carnival" at Molesey

AMUSING FROLIC AT THE REGATTA



First Heat of the "Dongola" Race

The Dongola Race was hotly contested, ending in a victory for C. E. Parkes's crew. This event was followed by "a grand display of globular newmatick leather pushing by the officers of the 17th Water Prancers"



The Canoe Scramble: Won by L. R. Stevens

Mr. C. W. Kent, who engineered the Regatta, drew up an amusing list of "Awry Rules." Among them we may quote the following: "The Umpire may give his decision on the day of the race provided he shall avoid the competitor disqualified!"

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Saint Howard of Effingham

If cyclists were in need of a tutelary saint—as they were before the pedestrians' wrath was diverted to motorists—they could not do better than choose the present Earl of Effingham, whose fortieth birthday was celebrated last week. Although the Earl is, at the present moment, an ardent motorist, the cycle was his first love. He has been Vice-President of the Banbury Star Cycling Club since 1893; President of the Northampton Rovers Club since 1897; and President of Berks, South Bucks, and Oxon centre of the National Cyclists' Union, while valued far above the mere insignia and decorations of his rank is a decoration in the shape of a gold star, which he received for his services to athletics and cycling in North Oxon since 1892. His family have, at many periods in our history, rendered invaluable service to their country, his most famous ancestor being, of course, the great Howard of Effingham, who put the Armada to flight in the spacious days of Elizabeth. The present Earl, who owns three large estates, one each in the counties of Yorkshire, Oxfordshire, and Northamptonshire, is a happy member of the Bachelors' and Travellers'.

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Earl of Effingham

Lineal heir male of the Howard of Effingham who was Lord Great Admiral of England and put the Armada to flight

A Country Wedding

A pretty country wedding was celebrated last week between the Hon. Rhona Hanbury-Tracy and Mr. Bertram Abel Smith, a member of the great banking family. There were seven bridesmaids—all children—dressed in white muslin, carrying baskets of pink and white flowers, which they distributed to the guests. The bride is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Sudeley, of Ormeley Lodge, Ham. The wedding guests included the Earl of Dysart, Lord and Lady Penrhyn, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford.

Seven child bridesmaids at the wedding of Lord Sudeley's daughter to Mr. Bertram Abel Smith, at Ham Common, Surrey

A Rumoured Royal Betrothal

A Future Viscountess

The engagement of Viscount Brackley, who is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, and prospective owner of Bridgewater House, to Miss Violet Lambton is an event of great social importance. The future Viscountess is the eldest of the three daughters of the Hon. Frederick William Lambton, Lord Durham's twin-brother and heir, her mother having been Miss Beatrice Bulteel. Miss Lambton is very pretty, and recalls her aunt, the Duchess of Leeds, at the same age. She is one of six children, and has spent much of her life in Northumberland; her father is Member for the South-East division of Durham. Miss Lambton's younger sister became Lady Dunglass three years ago, and so is future Countess of Home. She is first cousin to many well-known people, and a niece of Admiral Hedworth Lambton, of Ladysmith fame.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Violet Lambton

Daughter of the Hon. F. W. Lambton, and niece of the Earl of Durham, whose engagement to Viscount Brackley, son of the Earl of Ellesmere, is announced

A Royal Engagement

The Kaiser, if rumour speaks truly, must be an ardent advocate of early marriages. It is said that His Imperial Majesty's second son, the clever and popular Prince Eitel-Fritz, will shortly follow his elder brother's example, and that his bride-elect is one of our Queen's prettiest namesakes, Princess Alexandra of Schaumburg-Lippe. If this is true, the Prince will be three years younger than his fiancée; but on the Continent, Royalties often choose older wives than themselves. Princess Alexandra is the youngest sister of the beautiful Queen of Wurtemburg. She is a most charming Princess, and was freely mentioned as a possible Crown Princess. It is known that Prince Eitel-Fritz has been much attracted by her for some time.

The Lightning Conductors of Peace

There is a ring of inspiration in the despatches from the *Daily Telegraph* special correspondent concerning the Conference at Portsmouth, U.S.A., which sounds like the knell of peace. The whole affair is too hurried. Russia would never agree wholesale to so many clauses if the Conference were a *bonâ-fide* business. In a leading article in the *Telegraph*, the envoys are termed lightning negotiators. One might

Princess Alexandra of Schaumburg-Lippe

The youngest sister of the Queen of Wurtemburg, who rumour says is the bride-elect of Prince Eitel-Fritz

Photo by *Schaarwachter*

Prince Eitel-Fritz

The Kaiser's second son, who, it is stated, is shortly to be married to Princess Alexand a of Schaumburg-Lippe

Lightning Conductors of Peace

M. Witte

Representing the Tsar in the Peace Congress at Portsmouth (New Hampshire), U.S.A.

go a step further and dub them lightning conductors of peace, for they are drawing the attention of the Powers away from the conflict in the Far East.

It is now some years since M. Witte, the Tsar's chief Peace Commissioner, began to attract the notice of Europe, which came slowly to perceive that the quiet man who first became Minister of Finance in 1892 was creating an industrial Russia. This man, who started as a railway clerk, has had control for years of finances twice as large as Germany's, and has risen to be a Count and one of the ten most important men in Europe. Of his financial work it has been said by an American critic that "he found the Russian dollar worth 19½ cents, and has made it worth 51½." But that was before the war, which has made a shapeless ruin of that great edifice of Russian wealth and credit that he built up. He paid off in eight years the seventy millions that Russia owed on account of her Turkish wars. Who will pay off her debt in respect of the struggle with Japan? Before he went to the Treasury, M. Witte was the first of Russia's Ministers of Railways, and financed the Trans-Siberian. He left it, under the temporary disfavour of his sovereign, honoured by all the world—outside Russia, where he is not loved. He has the name of being a mere machine; also he introduced the Government monopoly of spirits; also—and there are many to resent this—he never spared a dishonest official. A complete contrast, so far as European fame is concerned, is presented by Baron Komura, the Senior Peace Commissioner of Japan. He is the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Japanese Cabinet, and he impresses all with that sufficiency and knowing his business which is the strength of his country. He was largely educated in the United States, and was at Harvard with Mr. Roosevelt.

Baron Komura

Chief Japanese Peace Envoy at Portsmouth (New Hampshire), U.S.A.

The Princess of Peace

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia has well earned her charming nickname of "The Princess of Peace." Her Imperial Highness, who is the Tsar's youngest sister, inherits her horror of war from her late father, and it is said that the present peace negotiations are greatly due to her influence on her brother. The Grand Duchess, who is now twenty-three years of age, was married four years ago to a distant cousin, Prince Peter, Duke of Oldenburg. She lives in St. Petersburg, and is very attached to the Empress and also to the Grand Duchess Serge. "The Princess of Peace" is also a niece of Queen Alexandra, whose gentle nature she shares.

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia

Who, alone among the Russian Royal Family, is in favour of peace. She is now known as "The Princess of Peace"

Miss Beryl Faber

Included in the cast of *The Duffer*, with which Mr. Weedon Grossmith opened his season at the Comedy Theatre last Monday, was Miss Beryl Faber, who has not been seen upon the stage for some little time, her last appearance being at the Avenue, where she was associated in management with Mrs. Maesmore Morris. Miss Faber is a sister of Mr. Aubrey Smith, and the wife of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the new editor of the *World*. Mr. Hamilton has done a considerable quantity of writing for the stage. He is joint author with Mr. Seymour Hicks in *The Catch of the Season*, and has adapted several plays from the French. The production of his stage version of Kipling's "Story of the Gadsbys" has been promised for the near future.

The Premier Duke of Ireland

The Duke of Leinster

The very young man (he is eighteen years old) who rejoices in the title of Duke of Leinster, with half a dozen peerages more, and is the premier Duke, Marquess and Earl of Ireland, is the sixth of the name, and comes of the great family of Fitz-Gerald. He is the only peer whose arms are supported by monkeys, and who has a monkey for his crest: the reason being that the first Earl of Kildare (his grace is the twenty-fifth), when an infant, was rescued from a fire in the Castle of Woodstock, where he happened to be staying at the time, by an ape, which seized him and ran up an adjoining tower with him, whence he was with some difficulty got down. The young Duke's ancestors have had as stirring a history as any in the peerage, but lately they have grown more staid, although their motto is "Crom a boo." He was born at Kilkea Castle, which he owns to-day, as well as Carton, at Maynooth, both in the County Kildare. He has been Duke since he was six years old.

The Duke of Leinster

Who has returned for the holidays to Carton, the magnificent family seat illustrated below

Some Scottish Hostesses

Scotland bids fair to be even more popular from the fashionable point of view than in the past, and mid-September will see a brilliant gathering of Royalties on Deeside. Many leaders of Society have places in the Highlands, and those who have not, become the tenants of those who have—this is the case with Lord and Lady Castlereagh, who have taken Inchnadamph this autumn in conjunction with Mr. Eric Chaplin and his beautiful bride. The brothers-in-law are keen sportsmen, and Lady Castlereagh has an hereditary connection with Scotland, through her mother, who was Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, a sister of the Duke of Sutherland. Mrs. Mackenzie, of Farr, is the wife of a great Highland Chief, and their joint hospitalities are famed among both their Scottish and their English friends. The fact that Mr. George Coats has recently purchased Glentana adds a brilliant hostess to Deeside, where, however, Mrs. Coats is already well known, for she and her husband were tenants of the

Photo by **Carton, Co. Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's Irish seat** [*Lawrence*

This fine mansion was built from the designs of Richard Cassels, the celebrated architect of the eighteenth century, who also built Leinster House, the town residence of the FitzGeralds in Dublin, which is now the headquarters of the Royal Dublin Society

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Noblemen Who Are Pensioners

thousands of dollars to the Baptist missionary organisations, and done much preaching work himself. He is younger than Mr. Chamberlain, but does not look it.

Photo by *Dickinson*

Lord Raglan

Grandson of the first Baron, who commanded in the Crimea. Lord Raglan draws a pension of £2,000

Lord Raglan, etc.

Few people realise how very useful a thing it is to have had a great soldier for one's progenitor, even in the matter of mere money. Lord Raglan, the grandson of the first baron who commanded in the Crimea, draws £2,000 a year for life from the Treasury on that account. He is of the family of the Duke of Beaufort, and has himself been, not only a Grenadier and an Afghan warrior, but an Under-Secretary for War. He created a great deal of annoyance among the comfortable incompetents of Pall Mall during his two years of office. His services to the Army were recognised in a remarkable way by the presentation to him, by public subscription, of Cefntilla Court, at Usk, in Monmouthshire. To-day he governs the Isle of Man with marked success. It was his wife who showed herself at Beckenham in her Coronation robes, at threepence a time, for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital. £2,000 a year, too, is drawn by Lord Seaton, whose grandfather, the first Baron, was not only the originator and leader of that movement of the 52nd Light Infantry which decided the day at Waterloo, but also Governor-General of Canada, a Field-Marshal, and many other honourable things. The present Lord Seaton has led a quiet life as a country gentleman in Devon and Kildare. His wife, a daughter of Sir Francis Fuller-Elliot-Drake, is lineally descended from Queen Bess's famous Admiral. Another of the £2,000 a year contingent is Lord Napier of Magdala, who is the son of that great soldier who won the title (as is not very well known) by his storming of Magdala, in Abyssinia, where King Theodore fell, in 1867. This was years after his remarkable services in India and at Pekin. The present Lord Napier is a retired officer of the Bengal Staff Corps, and succeeded his father in 1890.

Photo by *Bassano*

Lord Napier of Magdala

Son of the great soldier, who successfully stormed Magdala, in Abyssinia, in 1867

Photo by *Dickinson*

Lord Seaton

Whose grandfather was the originator and leader of the movement of the 52nd Light Infantry which gained the day at Waterloo

£2,000 PENSIONERS

The Oldest Yeoman in England

Photo by *Meyes*

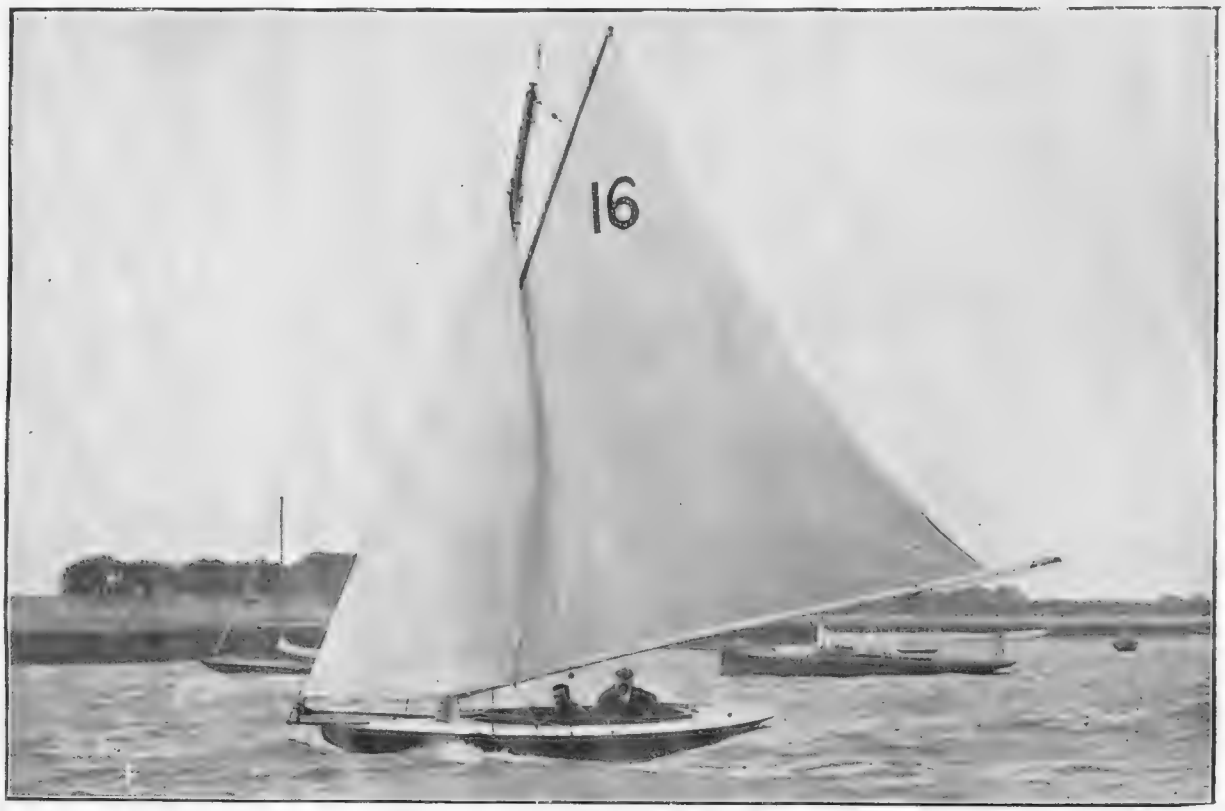
Provost-Sergeant Titford, of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry

Who completed his twenty-five years service this year, and who has just received one of the first long-service medals struck for the M.I.Y. The above photograph was taken at Bisley Camp last week, where the M.I.Y. were in camp

The Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry

Provost-Sergeant Titford, who enjoys the distinction of being the Yeoman with the longest service to his credit, belongs to a Corps with a splendid record. The Middlesex Yeomanry was one of the first Corps to be enrolled in London for service in South Africa. Two companies—the 34th and 35th—with a strong muster of newly enrolled recruits, set sail for South Africa early in February, 1901, and a third company was formed some weeks later. The 34th and 35th Companies, under the command of the well-known Major Dalbiac, who was killed at Senekal, were attached to the 11th Division, and saw much service in the Orange River Colony under General Sir Leslie Rundle. "The Story of the 34th Company" is the title of a graphic volume by Trooper William Corner.

London S.C.: The Burnham W[illegible]



"Early Bird," winner in the 18-ft. L.R. Class

Seven 18-footers started in a fairly heavy sea, with a strong north-east wind blowing. The race was remarkable for an unusual crop of accidents, which ended in the scene depicted below

The Rac[illegible]r 18-footers: "Embla" and "Nanki-Poo" foul the mark-boat

Although *Embla* gave the mark-boat [illegible] berth, so strong was the ebb tide that she was drifted right on to it. Then along came *Lady Jim* and *Nanki-Poo* manœuvring. The *Em[illegible]a's* boom was under water, and although no one knows quite how it was done, *Nanki-Poo* ran on to it, snapping i[illegible] an[illegible], also breaking the gaff

Marienbad: The King's Favourite Spa

General view of Marienbad

Marienbad, one of the most picturesque of watering-places, lies in the north-west corner of Bohemia, about an hour's ride southward from Carlsbad. The Marienbad springs differ from those of Carlsbad, in that they are cold, though the essential ingredients are the same

Photos by *Lo.ak*

The Hotel Weimar, where the King is staying

The social side of life at Marienbad, the change of climate, the regular hours, have as much to do as the alkaline springs with the "cure." Some 20,000 pilgrims follow the King's example in making this annual pilgrimage of health

FROM ABROAD

The Truth About Norway and Sweden

A COUNTRY SUFFERING FROM "SWELLED HEAD"

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

Christiana and her busy harbour, looking north-west from the Elseberg. The Royal Palace is away to the right

SINCE the average Briton came slowly to understand that there was a serious difficulty between Norway and Sweden, he has been treated to a view of the matter dictated mostly from one side—the Norwegian view; while the Swedish view has scarcely had any hearing at all.

Norway has posed from the outset as a progressive but oppressed country now at last arising and throwing off the yoke of bondage. It is an interesting but romancing pose; for Norway, with the exception of the control of Foreign Affairs, which, by the Act of Union in 1814, was expressly reserved by Sweden, has had absolute and entire self-government.

This Union not only enabled Norway to escape being a mere vassal to the Danish Throne, but freed her from the shoals and perils of the vortex of European politics outside the Scandinavian Peninsula. In a number of ways in the world of diplomacy and commerce, it is declared, Norway has profited immensely by the Union. But now all this is forgotten, and passionate demands for imaginary legal rights, demands regarded in Sweden as inevitably leading to separation, have long been the staple of

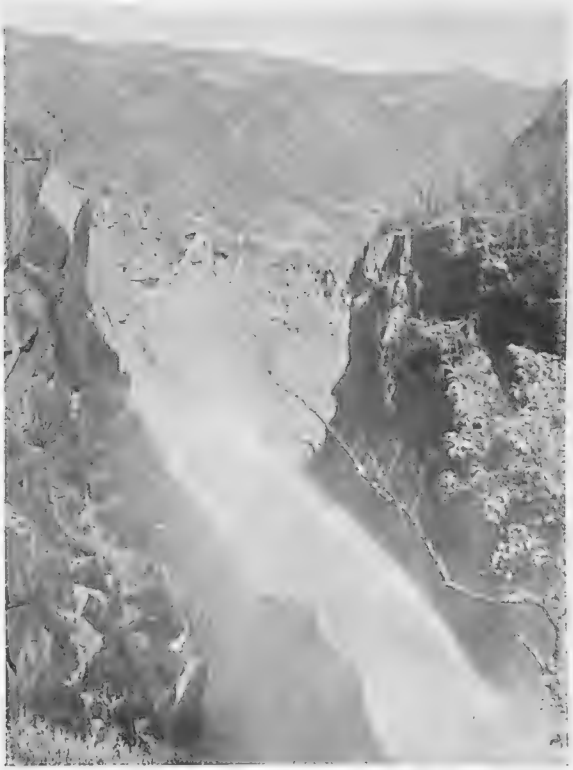
Norwegian Scenes in Town and Country

A view of Trondhjem

Jetty Balholmen Lognefjord, a favourite spot with Norse painters

Norwegian politics, resulting in that definite breach of which the deposition of King Oscar in Norway, on June 7 last, was the chief act.

As to the merits of the case—the vexed question of the Consuls and the submission of all such officials to the Foreign Minister of the Union—the Swedish case has been little attended to. Sweden, it is declared by her advocates, has never refused to reform the Consular service, and has been quite ready to allow the establishment of separate Consuls for Norway; but she found it impossible to admit the Norwegian claim that the Consuls should, even in



Photos by

A Spray Rainbow seen over the Rjukaufos, or "foaming fall"

Underwood and Underwood

At Tromso: Unloading dried fish into the warehouses

Picturesque Norway: A Mountain Tarn

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

On sombre Lake Olden, which lies high up among the clouds near the Maelkerold Glacier

matters that might concern the relations of the two kingdoms with Foreign Powers, be independent of the control of the Foreign Minister.

Norway was made by the Union. The longer the Union lasted, the stronger she grew under its protection. Hers is, indeed, a case of national swelled head. She is anxious to play at the game of being an independent European Power, now that, as a partner with Sweden, she has been able to work herself up to a certain pitch of strength and prosperity.

Sweden does not merely feel this as ingratitude, and regard the pretext selected as a hollow and insincere one. She has a strong material interest, as she does not deny, in the maintenance of the Union: namely, the establishment of a safe frontier on the West, and the power to negotiate and act without the sense of an enemy in the rear. The playing off of Norway against Sweden became impossible when the

Picturesque Norway: A View Across Lake Loen

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

A picturesque view from a farmstead on the sunny slopes which hem in the beautiful Loen Lake

Union was arranged, and both countries gained in security and strength. The point is that the material interest of Norway is precisely the same. Two different foreign policies and two unconnected military and naval forces in the Peninsula spell simple absurdity at this time of day. Whatever class of Power the Union may have been before, the Union is no sooner broken than each of its components sinks into a class lower down. What may be hoped for is a peaceful and wise adjustment of the present difficulty, accompanied by the agreement of a new Union, of more mutually acceptable form, for all purposes of Foreign Affairs. Anything short of this can only mean barren and purely nominal independence, which would not long be retained.

The Hentent Corjul

By INGLIS ALLEN

The bathing machines seem to be in great demand this sunny morning. At the back of each an impatient would-be bather sits swinging his legs, except on a few where a folded towel and bathing-costume have fitly been deemed sufficient to symbolise the claimant. At last I succeed in discovering the only machine not preoccupied by one of these alternatives, and seating myself with my back to the door, fall to studying a beach that looks like nothing more than a giant cheese writhing with human microbes.

After a time, I notice that a newcomer has seated himself at the back of the next machine, regardless of the claim already established upon it by a towel and costume. I am just thinking of apprising him of his mistake when he lowers his newspaper, and, catching my eye, smiles affably.

"This 'ere Hen Tent's a bit of orl right, ain't it?" he remarks.

Somewhat puzzled, I look round at the machines for enlightenment.

"Hentent," he repeats impatiently. "The Hentent Corjul."

"Oh," I remark comprehendingly.

"The British Fleet," he observes, "an' the French Fleet ken defy the world. An' why?"

I show a respectful attention.

"Becos they're men an' brothers," he declares. "Becos the Hinglishman an' the Frenchman are amalgamated tergether by ties of love and—and sanguinary connection."

I blow my nose.

"Yuss," he muses, "there's bin an exchange o' muchul pledges. They stuff our 'andy man up at Paris, and we stuffs theirs up at the Guild'all."

"And the papers stuff *us* up—" I begin.

"*An'* the German Emp'rer," he continues, disregarding this, "'e sits at 'ome an' 'e sez ''Ere, ere!' he sez, 'cheese it some of yer!'"

A very natural comment I agree.

"The German Emp'rer," he continues affably, "is a fair corf-drop."

I admit this.

"Now I'll tell yer 'oo I like," he remarks easily. "That there Spanish bloke—*you* know, young wot's 'is name—young Alf. They didn't 'arf fill 'im up when 'e was over 'ere. Same as wot they're doin' now down at the Guild'all. I saw the menoo in the *Dily Mile*. There's a paper for yer!"

I coincide in this comment.

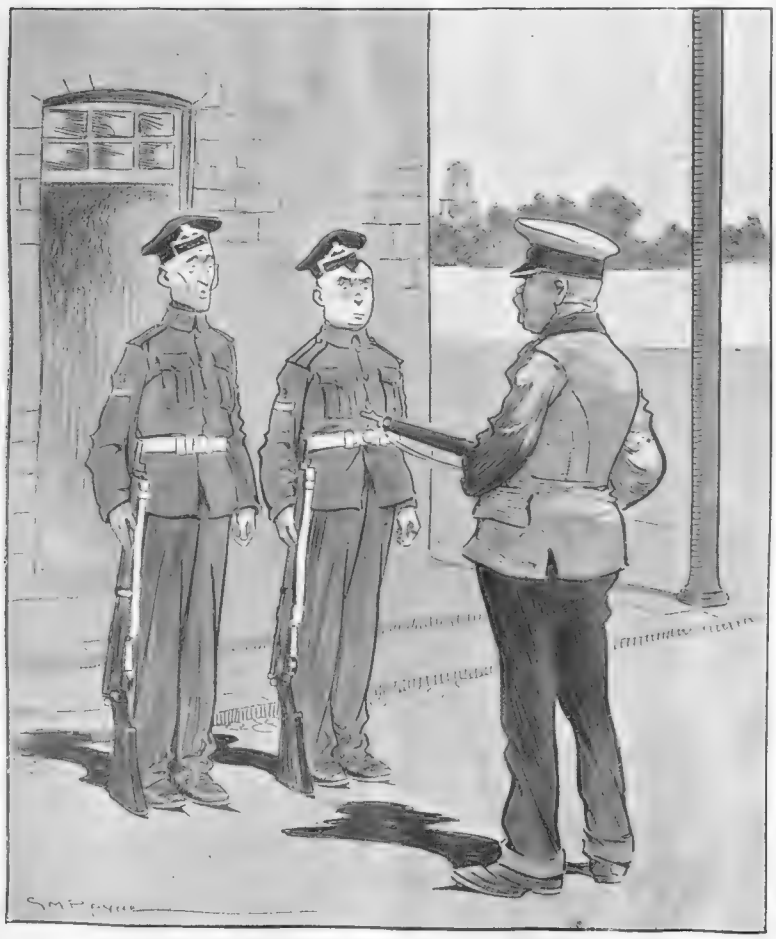
"I 'ear the Frenchies 'ave bin 'aving copies of it in their own langwidge," he continues. "It must 've bin a fair knock for 'em ter get a look at a paper like thet."

"You express it admirably," I assure him.

"Wotever these 'ere furriners ken do," he tells me impressively, "there's one thing I'll lay they cawn't do. They cawn't touch the *Dily Mile*."

"They have my sympathy," I venture to remark, "if that be the case."

"Not but wot they knows a thing or two, some o' these 'ere Frenchmen," he pursues. "I 'ear some o' them ken tork Hinglish—as good Hinglishas wot you an' me do."



Precept better than example

SERGEANT *(to awkward squad)*: The bullet of this rifle will go right through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads"

DRAWN BY S. M. PAYNE

I express my surprise.

"Oh, they gets a hejjerkashun," he informs me—"some of 'em. Gran' thing national hejjerkashun."

"Judged by its results," I agree. "Which are charming."

"These 'ere other nations," he observes, with disapproval, "they don't know wot Hejjerkashun means. Take Russia or China. I might tork to a Russian or a Chinaman about Hejjerkashun an' he wouldn't know wot I meant by the word."

"I could imagine that he might not," I admit.

"Now, there ain't no bloomin' hignerence about Jepan. They looks up ter Hingland they do. If I was ter go ter Jepan termorrer there ain't a man there wot wouldn't welcome me—— You as well," he adds generously.

I thank him.

"Yuss," he resumes, "you ken put yer money on this 'ere Hentent. These 'ere parley-voos, they're the right sort. They're men, that's wot they are. An' so are we."

"The situation is a satisfactory one," I remark.

"An' bein' men," he continued, "we shake 'ands, like men."

I murmur assent.

"*An'* brothers," he adds, and gazes meditatively across the beach. "I ken see the good points in a Frenchman. The points where he's like a Hinglishman. 'Ands across the sea's wot I say. Men an' brothers."

At this point, the door behind him opens, and two boys emerge and descend the steps.

"Well, so long," he remarks, nodding to me, and picking up his towel, rises and prepares to enter the machine. At the same moment, a tall man, with a square beard, runs down the beach and hails him excitedly.

"Yi! yi!" he calls. "C'est à moi!"

My friend turns.

"'*Ow* much?" he inquires.

"Excuse," pants the Frenchman, reaching the machine, and picking up his towel and costume. "Zat is mine, zat mächine."

"Mashin'?" repeats my friend, vaguely.

I venture to interpose and explain the situation. My friend's countenance changes.

"'Oo yer gittin' at?" he demands, regarding the newcomer coldly. "I've bin waitin' 'ere this last 'arf-hour."

"Zat is my essuie-mains," explains the Frenchman. "I have him there all the time. Excuse."

"Swimmer?" repeats my friend, indignantly. "Wot swimmer?"

Again I act as interpreter.

"Wot's yer towel got ter do with it?" demands my friend, with hostility. "Ain't *I* got a towel?"

At this point the bathing-man arrives, and the Frenchman appeals to him.

"That's all right, sir," he replies, and the Frenchman ascends the steps. My outraged friend is unable to contain his indignation.

"Dirty tyke," he observes. "That's a nice way to be'ave, with us a feedin' yer sailors up at the Guild'all! I was 'ere before yer!"

The Frenchman makes no answer, but enters the machine.

"Dirty alien!" exclaims my friend, with disgust. "Why can't yer stick in yer own country! We don't want none of you over 'ere!"

The door of the machine closes.

"Go orn, yer greasy foreigner!" cries my irate friend, addressing the door. "'Oo 'as ter pay the taxes ter keep yer? 'Oo 'as ter——"

But at this moment the door of my own machine opens, and I discreetly make haste, unobserved, to avail myself of its limited accommodation.

The Dog Days

"Why don't you take off your hat when I introduce you to a lady?"

"Because I've got a lump of ice in it"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

The Final Test M

ENGLAND AT THE WICKE

The fact that the rubber had already been decided had little effect upon the "gate" for the final Test Match. The advance guard of spectators on the first day took up their positions before eight in the morning. A pleasant feature of the match was the

h at the Oval

TS: C. B. FRY BATTING

success of C. B. Fry, who has now, we trust, with his first century, broken the spell of bad luck which has dogged his performances in Test Matches.

OUR SHORT STORY

CAPTAIN GRINDLE'S BANG

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON

"This dinghy," said the Hon. Keith Maidment with asperity, as he coaxed the boat's squat nose against the set of the tide, "is nearly as difficult to manage as a girl."

"They're skeery creatures," nodded his companion sagely. "Though I was never against women so much myself as some folk. But ugly ones is best."

"Why?" demanded the owner of the *Bluebell* yacht.

"Pretty ones 'aven't near such pleasant ways," argued Captain Grindle, with firmness. "The prettier they be, the more they'll imagine that every man they see is in love with 'em. Which he ain't. 'Tisn't reason; 'tis cocksure feminine conceit."

"I'm sick to death of Cowes, skipper," said Maidment, with irrelevance.

The other pulled leisurely at the oars while he studied his young owner with solemnity. By such a gaze explanation was mutely invited.

"Miss Orr has had enough of me," continued Maidment sulkily, in answer to the unspoken query.

The captain made a vitriolic comment on this information. "'Er future 'usband 'as my sympathy," he remarked, with terseness.

"Then you can prepare to administer your consolation to a fellow called Smithson, who trades in coal. He is richer than I am. He is staying on the Orr's yacht now by special invitation, and he is going to the dance with her to-night."

"Well, you are goin' there as well," urged the consoler. He drew in his oars, and struck ineffectual matches in an effort to light his pipe. The young man in evening dress in the stern steadied the tiller against his knee, and gazed dispiritedly shorewards. The boat drifted lazily on the heave of the swell.

"Has—*(puff)* she told you—*(puff)* she prefers him?"

"Not exactly."

"But sometimes she amuses herself with Smithson an' sometimes with you?"

"Seldom enough with me," grunted the forlorn one, aggrieved.

"I reckon she hasn't chosen yet which of the two of ye she prefers," opined the captain, soothingly. "The whole sex is made that way, and 'tis a power of 'arm they does while taking their time to settle their convictions. Though why a man should fluster 'imself for a girl passes my intellect, so to speak. There are so many of 'em, an' all as similar as boat-hooks."

"There is no one in the world to be compared to her," denied the other hotly.

The skipper elected to ignore this assertion.

"And as spiky," he continued calmly.

"She's not!"

"Women of her coloured hair," proclaimed the expert, with decision, "can no more 'elp likin' to 'ave men always 'angin' round 'em than a cook's boy can 'elp bein' greasy. What she wants is a good big bang."

"A what?"

"Bang," reiterated the adviser. "Shake—shock—scare. Somethin' as 'll make 'er decide swift an' sudden like. With a girl whose flighty notions wants maturin', there ain't nothin' like a downright bang. Give 'er a real good bang, which 'll clear the cobwebs out o' the brain behind 'er freckles."

The owner of the *Bluebell* glowered fiercely at this disparagement of his maiden, and requested with pointed earnestness that his mentor would "shut up." About them the fading sunset of a summer evening in the Solent was weaving transparent shadows of purple over the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight. Lights were beginning to wink out cheerily from the craft around them, opening and shutting to their view with the swing of the vessels riding at anchor. Through the radiant portholes of the nearest yacht drifted the sound of laughter and the twang of a strumming banjo. It was the night of the Yacht Club Dance.

Keith Maidment was a younger son, whose dainty cutter *Bluebell* cost her owner the greater part of his slender income to maintain. Marjorie Orr's father was a mining magnate, and his *Clio* was a steam yacht of gorgeous magnificence. Hence the former proceeded to the dance in a dinghy, and the latter in a large steam launch.

It was perfectly well known to Miss Marjorie that her anxious father strongly objected to his daughter steering the launch herself, alleging—as parents are wont to do—that she was deficient both in prudence and in the art of steering skilfully. Owing to this perverseness on the part of her parent, she very rarely got the opportunity. But since elderly gentlemen are fonder of dessert than of dances, it fell out that he decided to follow his daughter ashore later in the evening, and, no sooner had the launch cleared from the *Clio's* side, than Marjorie waxed insistent to the officer in charge on her desire for the helm. She enlarged on her capacity for this duty at length. And when Miss Orr was in the most captivating of dance frocks, and when Miss Orr coaxed charmingly, or pleaded pathetically, no member of the *Clio's* crew was apt to disregard her wishes. It would not have been natural to the susceptible nautical heart.

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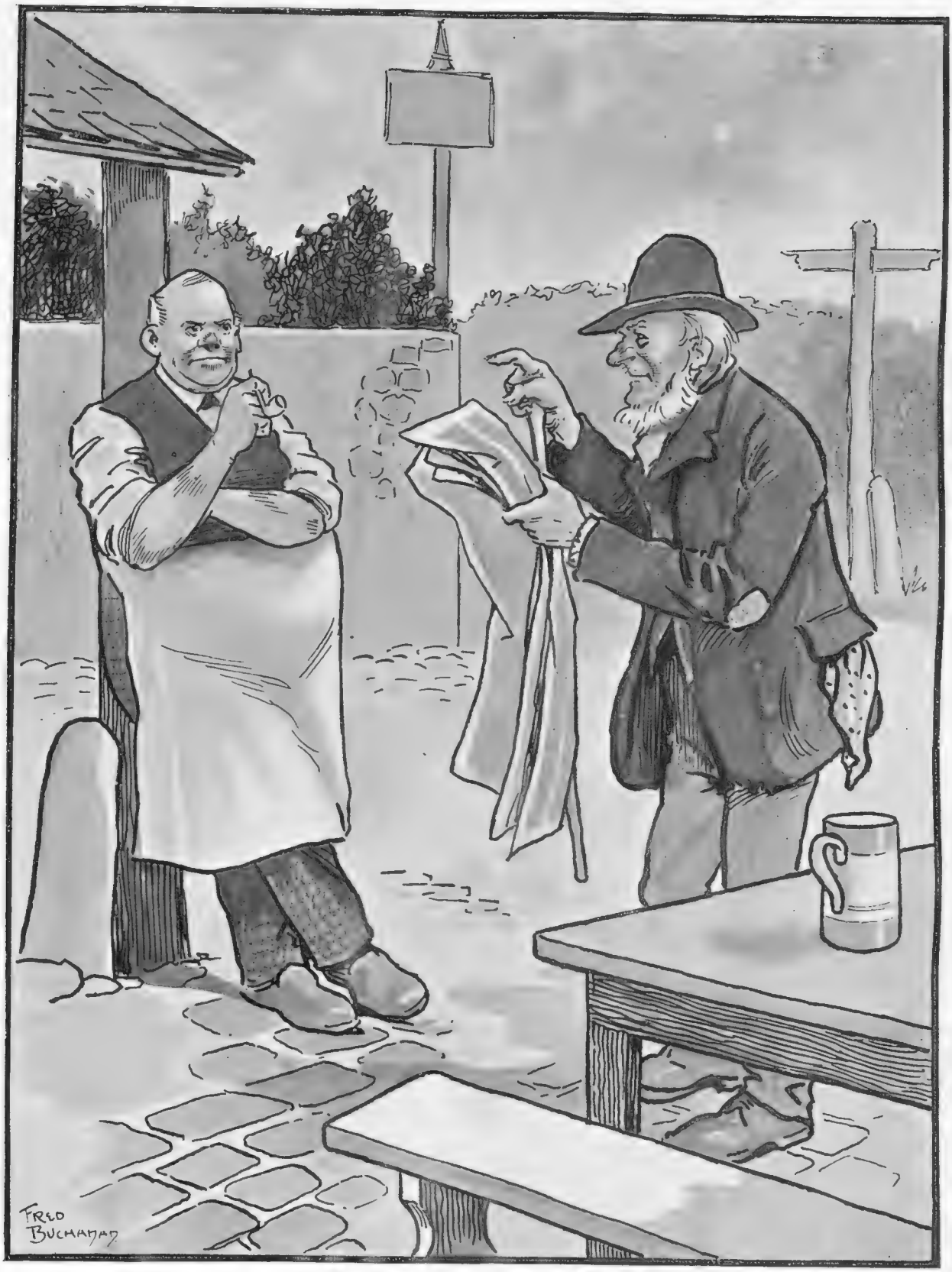
(Continued on page 392)



TOLERANCE

THE VILLAGE ORACLE: "Ay—an' I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Balfour don't git ter know a long sight more about Parlyment'ry doin's than wot you ner me ever will!"

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN

(*Continued from page 390*)

It was abominably impolite of the frowsy individual on that intrusive coasting schooner to shout such uncouth inquiries when a slight misreckoning only just left room to twist the launch violently from under the dirty old schooner's bows. A little less alertness on her part and she would have run furiously into that schooner, and perhaps have smashed it altogether. Then where would that profane person have been? The mooring chains of a collier-brig, too, were not in the position that a knowledge of affairs maritime would have surmised. She announced this conclusion warmly as they dodged the annoying obstacle with an inch to spare between it and the launch's propeller. In the falling darkness of the evening, not only did the launch seem to travel faster than usual, but also the roadstead appeared to be packed unaccountably with moving craft of all sorts. Navigation at night requires courage and resource, she meditated with just the slightest touch of inward misgiving. This, however, only made her the more resolute in her refusal to relinquish the helm to a ridiculously nervous sailorman.

Besides, she would like to show her guest beside her how smartly she could steer. Mr. Ronald Smithson had been most attentive to her all day. Whereas Mr. Maidment had gone off in a nasty, huffy temper that morning because she had not at once promised him the supper dance when he asked for it. This was hateful of him, and she would give the supper dance to Mr. Smithson instead.

Soft hats, with flapping brims, are ill adapted to the watchfulness required of navigators. Miss Marjorie had overlooked this. She was intent on a calculation as to speed and probable course of a light in front of her, which she was certain was forging ahead very fast. Really, it was the anchor light on a coal barge. That disconcerting puff of wind had no business to come at that moment.

"Launch close astern, sir," called Captain Grindle, suddenly, as the beat of its propeller plish-plashed through the water. The glare of its lights bore down upon the dinghy.

Keith Maidment gave a hurried glance over his shoulder and clean forgot his love troubles. He jammed his own tiller hard away. His companion snatched up the oars and pulled desperately, indulging in a wild yell which made mention of "mud pilots who experimented with steam kettles." However, no girl on earth can be expected to steer absolutely straight if the brim of her panama has come down over her eyes, and the wind has partially disengaged a loosely-fastened hat-pin.

When the collision came, the launch scraped along the dinghy's quarter raspingly, so that the little craft tilted violently, filled with swiftness, and overturned. Mr. Maidment and his captain found themselves paddling about the Solent, while the alarmed occupants of the launch arrested its way and shouted gruff directions. After several dampish minutes, the owners of the dinghy were hauled aboard, bedraggled and vituperative, and the drifting boat was secured as well. There was a good deal of water-splashing in the process of salvation, and much frenzied offering of advice, sound and unsound. Then to rescuers and rescued came recognition.

This did not prevent Captain Grindle—as so he had ejected the salt water from his mouth—from intimating plainly that he had formed a low opinion of the seamanship of his salvors. As he sat on a dainty coloured cushion in the midst of a puddle that formed around him, the skipper of the *Bluebell* was neither ornamental nor urbane. Marjorie Orr burned with mortified amazement at the torrent of his eloquence, but she was constrained to listen because once started on his theme, the orator was not to be silenced. Meanwhile, the dinghy was righted undamaged.

"We had better take her in tow and put the gentlemen aboard their own yacht, Miss," suggested the *Clio's* officer rather ruefully.

"And how are we to keep our engagements this evening?" demanded Captain Grindle with wrath. "Look at us now!"

Miss Marjorie was not quite sure whether she wished to look at the other sufferer. When she did at length steal a glimpse at him from under a pair of very soft, curling eyelashes, he was actually smiling. This was unpardonable of him. Besides, it was monstrously callous; he might have been drowned. And—what an object a man could look when he is in evening dress soaked all over!

"We will pull back in our own boat," said Keith Maidment, to reassure her. "I hope you are not scared." He need not have added this last remark as if it were a minor detail.

Something thrilled the girl who faced him.

"We shall get you back sooner," she protested quickly.

He laughed. "Rowing will prevent us from catching cold. And I must be such—such a painful spectacle as I am, you know."

The skipper was already scrambling back into the dripping dinghy. From there he continued to snort defiance. Keith lingered.

"I'm so wet," he hesitated, as Miss Orr held out her hand. Nevertheless, he did not hasten to draw it away. Almost it felt to him as if her small fingers tightened detainingly over his own.

"You will come on to the dance presently?" she asked him.

"I'm afraid not."

"Please do," she begged, a trifle breathlessly.

"Why?"

"I—I should like it."

Again he smiled a little. "I haven't another suit of dress clothes with me. These are—dishevelled. Good-night."

"Oh!" she murmured blankly. In the dark she was flushing in most enchanting fashion.

"I hope you will enjoy your dance," Mr. Maidment wished her in sepulchral tones. "Particularly the supper one." He swung himself aboard the dinghy without waiting for rejoinder. Here the skipper was expressing his farewell in unequivocal terms to the *Clio's* officer, and giving vent to his fervent hope that the latter would not mistake the landing-stage for another rowing boat, and attempt to run that down also.

"'Tis the brilliancy from all them brass buttons o' yours that bungs up the eyesight," he ended in peroration. "But your nose is long enough. Maybe

HILL CLIMBING IN THE HIGHLANDS

VOICE FROM ABOVE: "Hey, Mac, walk warily, mon! Dinna forget ye hae th' whuskey."

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY

that'll give you warnin' of the shore in time to back your engines. So long."

. . . . . .

"Mate at last," said Keith Maidment triumphantly, two hours later. He laid down his pipe and regarded the chess-board on the cabin table of the *Bluebell* with complacency. "But you have kept me busy, Grindle, to do it, I can tell you."

The skipper grunted discontentedly, and swept his beloved pieces into their box.

"A bang for me this time," he remarked caustically. "Reg'lar shatterer!"

"But you recommended them," laughed his owner, lounging back in his seat. "Whew! isn't it a hot night?"

It was. The cabin skylight was wide open. Yet so absorbed had both men been in their game, that the noise of an approaching launch, which fussily disturbed the moonlit water, passed unheeded by them both. From the same cause, they had failed to notice the tread of a pair of very small feet, which skimmed boldly up the *Bluebell's* ladder and across the planks overhead. The feet paused uncertainly at the companion-way.

"Bangs is all very well for women," returned the captain, emphatically, with the air of one who expounds one of Nature's laws. "I'll just take a turn on deck, sir, to see the lights is burnin' correctly."

"Right!" Keith Maidment stretched himself rather wearily, and wistful memory began to work. He might have been at that dance now with her, instead of idling in a rough smoking jacket playing chess with an ass like Grindle. He was a fool himself ever to have come to Cowes. He had only done it because he knew she would be there. He would up anchor and clear out in the morning. Would she care at all? he wondered. This speculation being acute hindered his hearing a hurried colloquy on deck.

"I have just called on my way back to the *Clio*," explained Miss Orr, with cold aloofness, "to say that I hope Mr. Maidment is none the worse for the—the immersion."

The astounded skipper gazed wide-eyed. Then he shook his head ominously, and coughed behind his hand.

"He ain't yet," he murmured, expectantly. "But it'll come. Pneumonia 'twill be, I suspicions. That there local cemetry ashore is full of 'em—souls as was overturned in the waters of the deep."

"Well, he has not got pneumonia so far, I suppose," expostulated the lady, sharply.

"No, miss."

"Has—has he gone to bed?"

"'E's 'avin' his last whisky below, afore turnin' in."

"Can I see him?" But before reply could be returned, the voice of the doomed one came up through the open skylight with distinctness.

"I say, Grindle, it was the other way round to-night, wasn't it? I didn't give her a bang; she gave me one."

The skipper choked aghast. The reflection appalled him. That it did not also paralyse appeared from the agility with which he disappeared down the companion stairway. A moment's whispered converse and Keith Maidment emerged with equal suddenness on deck. He found a very dignified, small figure confronting him. The darkness concealed the mischief in her eyes.

"I am very sorry I have arrived at an inconvenient time," began Miss Orr, tentatively.

"You've not."

"—Especially as I seem to have overheard confidences. Were you talking about me?" she inquired, with suspicion.

The questioned one wriggled a little. His silence was compromising.

"What was the nature of the—the bang you wanted to give me?"

He stared at her baffled. Never had the oval of her face been so bewitchingly perfect. Her loose cloak had slipped back a little, revealing the gleam of the daintiest bare shoulder. The moonlight shone softly over the delicate tracery of her ball dress.

"I don't like bangs," announced the lady innocently. "And—there is someone watching us from the fo'c'sle."

"Boy!" called the yacht owner, with sudden vindictiveness, to a deck-hand who was staring with round, distended eyes.

"Yessir."

"Go below."

"Yessir."

"And stay there." The youth vanished at a run.

"How are the dress clothes?" asked Miss Orr with sweetness.

"Ruined," said their wearer despondently. "How was the dance?"

"Stupid. I came away."

"But the supper—"

"I didn't wait for it. I—I was going to ask you to come back with me to supper on the *Clio* instead. But now—" she paused, chin in air.

"Marjorie!" He took an eager step towards her. She backed precipitately away.

"Now you might be troublesome and want to give me bangs," she speculated aloud.

"I want to give you something else," Keith Maidment assured her firmly. A look in her eyes nearly encouraged him to try.

She ignored the insinuation. "Since I am so disagreeable you can go away," the visitor informed the *Bluebell's* owner with inconsequence. She showed no particular haste, however, to depart herself. Indeed, the waiting crew of the launch grew restless.

To the skipper, who was straining the ears of an eavesdropper below, there followed a distinct protesting gasp; then a muffled hiatus. This led to disappointing *sotto voce* comment on his part to the effect that men always idiotically lose their bearings with that sort of girl. But a broad grin of delight distorted his face at the same time.

One more coherent observation was recorded for Captain Grindle's benefit that night.

"I am simply pining to hear all about the Bang," said Marjorie Orr, with touching earnestness, as the Hon. Keith Maidment followed her into the *Clio's* launch. The low-laughed answer came across the water:

"It won't be needed—now."

ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

HIGH LIFE BELOW WATER

"And they do say, she can twist her husband round her little finger"

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, she married an eel"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Library

Captain Sheen, by Charles Owen (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), is a romance of New Zealand history, in which the incidents are founded mainly on facts gathered from old records. The character who gives the book its title is a pirate captain of the John Silver type, though a trifle worse, if that could be, and his companions in crime—Ronald Mirrimy and Martin Coulished (two splendid names for such characters, by the way)—are as hang-dog a pair as you shall read of anywhere. Coulished's song, though hardly so good as the famous ditty in "Treasure Island," which winds up with "Yo-ho and a bottle of rum," is worth quoting:—

> It's a gen'elman of fortune I would be,
> With drink and blood galore-e-oh;
> A-sailin' on the bosom of the heaving sea,
> And sending all the merchantmen to glory-oh.

There is, of course, a hidden treasure, which, "after many days tossing on the deep; after quarrels and bickerings; after hearing the voices in the fog; after the treachery of desertion and escaping butchery by cannibals, and after a toilsome journey over a barren land," the party at last find. And even this is not the end. But we can tell no more. If you liked Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Clark Russell's "Frozen Pirate," you will like this book. The only fault that we can find with it lies in its entire lack of humour. The author seems to forget that a pirate's life was not all grimness, else why was the pirate ensign always known as the "*Jolly* Roger."

Mr. T. Werner Laurie has just published, in his "Cathedral Series," the first volume on *The Cathedrals of England and Wales*. The author is Mr. T. Francis Bumpus, whose book, "Summer Holidays among the Glories of France," has given pleasure to so wide a circle of readers. Mr. Bumpus has the faculty of writing technical details to interest alike the ordinary reader with a taste for travel and antiquities, and the student of ecclesiology. In the forthcoming volume, architecture and the arts auxiliary to it naturally occupy the first place, but he also deals with the various changes that have been effected, both from a moral and an artistic standpoint, since that great Church Movement of seventy years ago, which has totally altered the ecclesiastical face of England; certain traditions, still noticeable in the ritual and musical performance of Divine Service, and allusions to the celebrated dignitaries, organists, lay clerks, and others connected with them. A short preliminary sketch of English Architecture, mediæval, classical, and modern, and numerous illustrations, contribute towards an attractive volume. The work will be completed in two volumes, the second of which is to be published in November.

The travel book would seem to be this year's stand-by for publishers. Last year there seemed to be a rage for publishing biographies of everybody, great or small, whose life could be brought within biographical compass at two shillings or so. The change is a welcome one, which has brought forth several fine works. The latest one we have seen is *The Tyrol* (Duckworth: 5*s.*), by W. D. McCracken, an American author who writes with that loftiest of inspirations—the love of his subject. The author has travelled the Tyrol from end to end with American thoroughness (in fact, we almost suspect W. D. McCracken to be a lady), and has written this book, not so much for the purpose of a guide-book, but "to repay in some measure the friendly reception which was everywhere accorded the writer." Thus *The Tyrol* is a book of the heart rather than of the head, and while it does not profess to take the place of Baedeker, it is a much more companionable volume than that scientific sightseer. Perhaps the last thing one would expect to find among the Alps is a statue of King Arthur of England, he who was set up as the perfect pattern of knighthood for all time, yet such a statue exists at Innsbruck, where it is one of the twenty-eight bronze figures which surround the tomb of the famous Emperor Maximilian. Twenty-three of these figures, which were chosen by the Emperor himself before his death, represent contemporary relatives, and the other five, his favourite heroes of antiquity. It is questionable whether a statue of Arthur exists in England; at least, we do not remember to have seen one, and this renders the illustration which we have reproduced on page 398 particularly interesting. Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg, is said to have been the sculptor, and he has given our legendary hero a pose "of military readiness and alertness, yet one which betrays no provocation. The statue forms an ideal of knighthood, which recalls the age of chivalry at its best. . . . Arthur wears a costly breastplate, plain greaves, and pointed shoes," and, says the author, "one can almost imagine the eyes to be blue and the hair blond." It seems a pity that so fine a statue should remain practically unknown in this country, as there must be many people, especially among Tennysonians, who would like to possess small copies of it. There are many other illustrations in the book, all of which are well reproduced. The author has dealt at length with the historical as well as with the picturesque side of his subject, and *The Tyrol* will make those who have not visited the country long to do so, while those who have already been will long to go again.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE, Etc.

The Tyrol. By W. D. McCracken. (Messrs. Duckworth: 5*s.*)

Tales of King Arthur and the Round Table. A modified rendering for children. By J. C. Allen, with illustrations by H. J. Ford. (Longmans: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Civil Engineering. By T. Claxton Fidler. (Methuen's "Books on Business": 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Descriptive Handbook of Architecture. By Martin A. Buckmaster, A.R.C.A. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

Captain Sheen. By Charles Owen. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Tenderfoot. By W. J. Sheppard. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Quakeress By Max Adeler. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

The Ferryman. By Helen Mathers. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Flashes from Cape Diamonds. By Jack the Connaught Ranger. (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FRENCH FICTION.

Les Deux Sœurs. By Paul Bourget. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

Speaking of King Arthur reminds us that Messrs. Longman have just published a delightful little book for children entitled, *Tales of King Arthur and the Round Table* (1*s.* net), with twenty illustrations by H. J. Ford. The simplification of the text has been entrusted to J. C. Allen, who, in his task of suiting the language to juvenile reading, has done so without affecting the dignity of the narrative. There is an introduction and notes by the editor to which puzzled little heads can turn when in doubt, though so simply are the stories rendered, these seemed hardly necessary. Mr. Ford's illustrations are too well known to need more than mention here, and many grown-up readers will derive pleasure from his fine romantic line drawings.

This week, Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a volume by Mr. Edward Irving, entitled, *How to Know the Starry Heavens*. We understand that this book is not a dry text-book of mathematical astronomy, but a vivid and picturesque account of the heavenly bodies. Though the book is intended primarily for beginners, every effort has been made to avoid offending those who are further advanced. The main object is not so much to describe individual worlds, as to enable the reader to realise, as far as is possible, what the Universe itself is like. Great pains have been taken to simplify the explanations to the uttermost, and mathematics are entirely confined to one chapter, and there made as simple as possible. The book is illustrated with coloured plates, and with reproductions of many photographs from the world's greatest observatories. G. F. J.

A Bookman's Gossip

Lady Humorist

There are several clever lady writers of the day who seem bent on proving that the generalisation as to women having a poor sense of humour is not without its exceptions. Among these workers in a good cause, Mrs. Rosalie Neish, whose new book, "Lady Isabel," is being published by the Tallis Press, deserves to rank high. Mrs. Neish is a genuine humorist, with the lightest of touches, and her entertaining sketches of society life are unfailingly good reading. For a good few years now I have seldom failed to read anything by Mrs. Neish I have come across in the magazines or the daily papers, and if I have forgotten much of what I have read, there remains at least the memory of gaiety and literary charm. Celia, whose doings were recorded in "How to Choose a Husband," was an extremely ordinary young lady, untroubled by any excess of brain, but I liked her none the less, and I like Lady Isabel also, and Miss Burningham, herself, and Jack; and, in short, most of the people to whom Mrs. Neish has introduced me. I am tempted to illustrate her quality of bright and witty—but not too frightfully witty—dialogue by an extract from "Lady Isabel":—

"I can't bear relations," said Lady Isabel plaintively.

"Do you mean your husband's?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Has he so many?"

"No, luckily he is an only son. His father and mother are both dears; but he has an Aunt ——." She sighed.

"Most of us have," I said sadly. "Isn't she nice?"

Lady Isabel made a grimace. "Nice! Is a mustard leaf nice, or chili vinegar, or a draught, or a cold east wind? My dear Marjorie, have you ever seen her?"

"No."

"Well, don't if you can help it; she's a draught and an east wind and a mustard leaf combined."

"Do you see her very often?"

Lady Isabel shook her head. "No, thank goodness; she is over in Ireland as a rule, but she has just written to say she is coming to us for two months. Two months," groaned Lady Isabel, "and one of them will be in the height of the season."

"It will please your husband to have her," I said tentatively.

"Will it?" echoed Lady Isabel. "You should have heard what he said when I showed him the letter."

"Why do you have her then, if neither of you want her?"

"Jack says we must because she is awfully rich, and has no one else to leave her money to, and, of course, I have Bab's future to consider," said Lady Isabel unselfishly.

"Poor you," I said with sympathy.

She smiled. "It'll be poor Jack—she won't see much of me, Marjorie, for I am too ill."

I stared. "Are you ill?"

Lady Isabel leant back in her chair and sighed faintly. "No; but I am going to be—that is how I mean to get her away before the season if I can."

"But you can't be ill if you aren't ill," I said argumentatively.

"Can't I?" said Lady Isabel; "you just wait and see."

Needless to add that Lady Isabel is as good as her word, and by pretending an attack of German measles gets rid of the aunt, even sooner than she had hoped.

Photo by **Mrs. Harold E. Gorst** [*A. Pragneli*

The author of "This Our Sister," one of the most powerful presentments of slum life ever written. Mrs. Gorst is the wife of the well-known author and journalist who has been responsible for the literary side of the Unionist Free Food campaign

"Living in the Country"

The craze for "going to live in the country" seems to be developing, and who knows but some day in the distant future the busybodies who are always trying to do us good may have to begin a campaign of "Back to the Towns." No, I hope not. That implies a condition of life too awful to contemplate, and, as a lover of towns, I should not like to picture posterity in such a pass. I am no disciple of Thoreau—indeed, I smell humbug and affectation in him—but it is quite conceivable that some people do prefer the country to the town. My firm conviction is that they are mainly those who have not sufficient "fight" in them to bear a hand in the battle of city life. All this is a little away from my subject, however, which concerns the modern compromise of living in the town four or five days of the week and spending the week-end at one's country cottage. I know numerous literary men who are endeavouring to carry this out with more or less success—chiefly less. Some are striving after the simple life in luxurious country homes, coming only to town to earn a thousand or two a year to provide them with simple necessities; others have a flat in town and a cottage twenty or thirty miles out. I prophecy that they will all have sold their week-end cottages and let their rural mansions before many years have gone and be back in Hampstead or Highgate living and working like

rational human beings again. Meanwhile, those who are burning to experiment with a country cottage ought to get "How to Build or Buy a Country Cottage and Fit It Up," which is written by "Home Counties," and published by Mr. Heinemann at 6*s.* net. It is the sort of book I love to read, though I have not the remotest intention of following its counsel. I often wonder if I may be peculiar in this partiality for reading books which tell me how to do things that I am not at all likely ever to do? As a youngster I spent months of careful study in yacht building and sailing, devouring more than a dozen great works on the subject, yet I have never set foot on a yacht of any kind all my life. I have a notion that, given a lively imagination, there is no kind of reading more delightful than the "How-to-do" books. Reverting for a moment to "Home Counties," were it not that I happen to know this author has a great distaste to be written about, I should be tempted to give some interesting *personalia* concerning him. This, at least, I must say; he is a gentleman who once occupied a prominent position in London journalism, but, chiefly for reasons of health, quitted Fleet Street for the ruralest of rural shades, where for some years he has now lived a very happy life as a thoroughly practical cottager, though it is quite clear that the itch for writing has not been utterly cured by devotion to fowls and cucumber frames. *Chacun à son goût*, and "City, I am true son of thine!"

Statue of King Arthur of England at Innsbruck in the Tyrol

Reproduced from Mr. W. D. McCrackan's new travel book, "The Tyrol," by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co. (*See page 396*)

A Lady Novelist in the Slums

I have been reading Mrs. Harold E. Gorst's novel, "This Our Sister," though fiction less suited for an idle holiday it would be difficult to name. Whether or not it is a first book, I cannot say, but although it strikes me as somewhat overdrawn, especially in the latter part, it certainly contains evidence of a very distinct power in fiction of the realistic order. Mrs. Gorst entirely convinces the reader, so long as she is not striving with the difficulties of her *dénouement*, that she writes of what she knows and has observed. This is no picture of the slums by one who has spent an afternoon and an evening in the neighbourhood of a "settlement"—and I have read more than one such—but comes from a heart that knows and feels and understands. Mrs. Gorst, as I need hardly mention, is the wife of Sir John Gorst's second son, the well-known author and journalist, who has been responsible for the literary side of the Unionist Free Food campaign. She comes of a family almost as pro[minent] with social work and ed[ucation], husband, being a relative of the Kennedy Birmingham. The Rev. Rann Kennedy was Second Master of King Edward's School, while his son, the late Canon Kennedy, was thirty years headmaster of Shrewsbury, before he became Professor of Greek at Cambridge.

About Quills

A few days ago I saw a sight which struck me as unique and suggestive. I am sure not many of my readers have seen the like; myself, never before. A cart-load of quill pens, no less! Nothing sensational, you will note, yet it is often the odd but unsensational thing that means most. Clearly, there must be a vast number of quills still in use for one stationer to receive such a stock, and I shall venture to say that few people would imagine there is any considerable business in this ancient writing instrument. You would suppose the industry to be as dead as the making of those arrows so finely sung by Sir Conan Doyle in "The White Company":—

> What of the shaft?
> The shaft was cut in England:
> A long shaft, a strong shaft,
> Barbed and trim and true;
> So we'll drink all together
> To the grey goose feather
> And the land where the grey goose flew.

But, you see, it is not so, and despite the commonness of fountain-pens and typewriters, there must be many who still prefer the goose-quill to all new-fangled inventions. At the British Museum, and in some of the public libraries, quills are still offered to those using the reading rooms, but you seldom see people making use of them. Why anyone should prefer to scrape along with a quill, when he may have a smooth-running fountain-pen, is more than I can understand. I am no admirer of the Yankee, but I thank him sincerely for inventing the fountain-pen. Mr. George Meredith, as befits one of the old school, has remained faithful to the quill, and when on one occasion I had the pleasure of seeing through his quaint little study at Boxhill, I found such an abundance of quills in his inkstand that—I confess it boldly—I made no scruple of possessing myself of one, which I treasure as a "rich legacy," to be mentioned in my will!

Alpine Climbing by Rail

The Mount Pilatus Railway: A train nearing the summit

This photograph is particularly interesting in showing the difficulties which have to be overcome in order to reverse the Oriental proverb and, so to speak, "bring the mountain to Mahomet." The lower part of Mount Pilatus, far below the scene of our illustration, is clothed with wood and meadow, but all the upper portion is bare and rugged rock. Just below the summit is Lake Pilatus, near which are several hotels. The railway starts from Alpnach, quite close to Lucerne, and the ascent takes about one hour and a half. From the top a magnificent view is obtained of the Bernese Alps

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M. Louis Trasenster at the International Tennis Tournament at Ostend

A Golfer Echoes My Plea for More Play

I was greatly interested in the remarks of my colleague, Mr. Lehmann, on modern lawn tennis as compared with modern golf, which appeared lead and [illegible] Mennen's is per[illegible]NDER, not merely because any trustworthy, and is [illegible]ne as viewed from a fresh up in those handy li[illegible]e interesting and valuable, tins with perforated tops, so that the entire body [illegible]pport the plea which I, can be dusted consistentl[illegible] for more match-play. As and evenly without the a[illegible], there is little in common of a powder-puff. To th[illegible] golf; but one thing that the motoring woman the[illegible] my opinion, suffer from) in little tins are quite inva[illegible]h there is more competition able, and have alr[illegible]-play, and there can be no completely ousted[illegible] play is the better and purer form other contrivances.[illegible], a game, in order to thrive, must [illegible] public, and I think it must be

Modes for the

public always take a greater interest [illegible]een representative teams than in Only the wom[illegible]s between individual players or must "startle a[illegible]ann himself says, that until the lay," to attract [illegible] not seen any first-class lawn tennis of attention [illegible] years, and it is probable that he indulges in pro[illegible] gone out of his way to attend a check effects [illegible]t the Davis Cup Competition Moors, refined [illegible]ecause it was a fight between the mixtures and s[illegible]nnis teams of the world, and in the cl[illegible]ecks supply huge crowds which went to see the [illegible]ssary [illegible]ips at Wimbledon went there in order [illegible]ative of [illegible]hether England, Australia, or America ready m[illegible]ltimately triumph. If an Englishman had the first [illegible]oherty's challenger there would not have been more [illegible]y such a large gallery on Championship day. sie[illegible]. Lehmann has hit the right nail on the head, i[illegible] if he will allow me to say so, in expressing the desire to see a similar competition to the Davis Cup instituted in golf.

Buxton

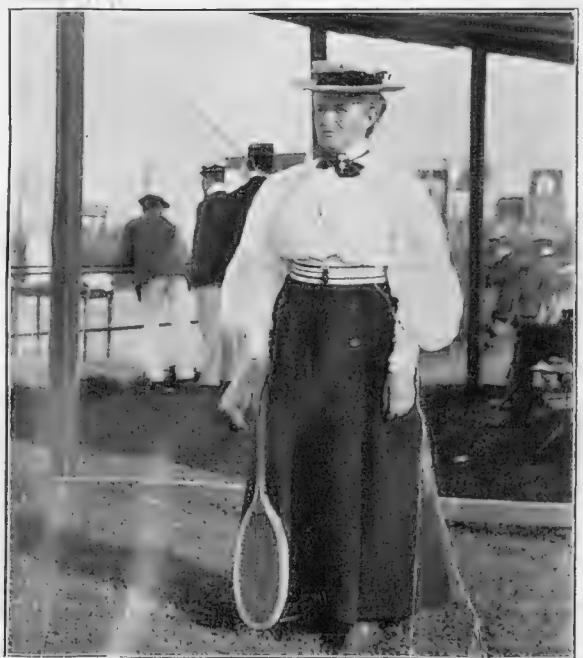
"Curioser and Curioser!" as Alice said on a certain famous occasion. A[illegible] Newcastle, Dunlop rivals H. L. Doherty by beating [illegible]rookes in "three straight," and now, behold, [illegible] the Derbyshire Championship, at Buxton, Ca[illegible] who (with all due deference to him) is not [illegible]erty, though I hope he may be some day, g[illegible] beats Dunlop, and then—just to make it easier [illegible]e handicappers

[illegible]sc

—S. E. Charlton wins the first two sets against Casdagli in the final, although the latter ultimately gets home! The relative positions of these three men in the First-class Handicap were—Dunlop owe 15·3, Casdagli owe 1·5, and Charlton scratch. On paper form, I should say (again with deference to my colleague, B. C. Evelegh) that this was about right. But there was a strong wind blowing on Saturday, and it seems to have blown the paper about a good bit, and I am still wondering whether I have handicapped Charlton and Casdagli properly at Folkestone. Another surprise at Buxton was the defeat of the All-England Ladies' Doubles' Champions, Miss Douglass and Miss Thomson, by Miss Wilson and Miss Lane, who thereby robbed the holders of a third successive win. Miss Douglass also lost the chance of another third successive win in the Derbyshire Singles' Championship by losing the final to Miss Wilson, after winning the first set—as at Newcastle. The Derbyshire Ladies' Cup bears quite a charmed life. Mrs. Hillyard's name figures on it six times, Miss Robb won it thrice, and Miss Douglass won it in 1903 and 1904, but no one seems able to win it outright.

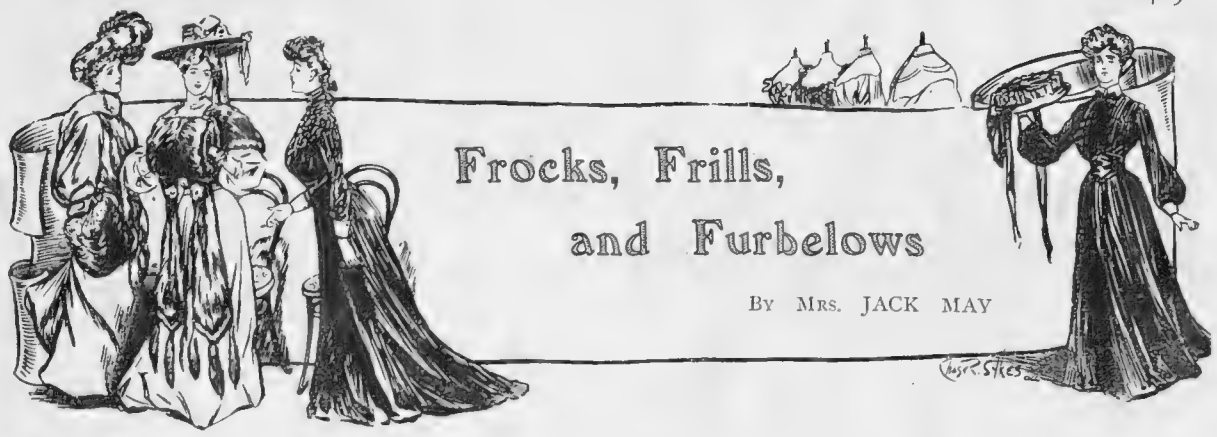
The Ostend Tournament

The International Tennis Tournament at Ostend, of which we publish photographs, was a most successful meeting. Great interest was evinced in the appearance of the three Australian players, H. A. Parker, B. Murphy, and A. F. Wilding. In the Gentlemen's Open Singles (Ostend Cup), Parker won finally by 6—0, 6—1, 2—0, Pollard retiring in the last game. Other winners were: Mrs. Galloway (Ladies' Open Singles), Parker and B. Murphy, who defeated Wilding and Trasenster in the Gentlemen's Open Doubles, Ostend Cup. Mrs. Galloway, with A. F. Wilding, won the Cup offered by T.R. and I.H. the Archduke and Archduchess Frederic of Austria in the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Doubles, Open. In the Mixed Doubles' Handicap, Madame Trasenster and Mr. Watson were the winners; and in the Men's Doubles' Handicap, MM. Stackpole and Rhodes. The Tennis Club was crowded the entire week, and the weather was good the greater part of the time.



Mme. Trasenster

Winner of the Ladies' Singles' Handicap at Ostend



Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Cowes, as I write, is still the cynosure of all eyes. It has been a glorious phase for the quaint little town, and everything appears to have gone off right merrily and breezily. Reflecting on the event, as is my duty, from a sartorial standpoint, the very last letter of tailoring possibilities appears to have been put to the test, and found in no wise wanting, and, while white has continued to maintain very fairly the hold it has acquired, it has had many serious rivals to fight in the shape of delicately toned linens, such as egg-shell blue, *marron*, stone colour, etc., not to mention the orthodox navy serge.

Although I have no direct authority to make any statement on the subject, I am instinctively persuaded, nevertheless, that a great deal of navy serge will be worn this autumn. More than usual, I mean, for like the poor, it is always with us, to a greater or lesser extent. It is just the one the officials of the that no amount of ubiquity carps exorbitant, police- the fastidious eye, just for or ladies' maids.

is tempted t
from tha ransatlantic cousins; but
which iney *demand;* nor do they
seaside contrary, they resent a
quality serg, and convict such an
credentials gner to his own country,
in the modrn observation—which is

One bewicate these latter visitors:
I am intima I egin to think that
which went to ccount for them must
at Cowes, is of on of America is in
service serge, the as that of China.
perfectly modelle globe-trotters are
punctuated by Lady Phyllis.
buttons, which ar
centre box-pleat o
just sufficiently loo
without being flop
of the whole matt
in a tiny turn-ove
of coarse tan-colo
embroideries of bla
and just a suspicion
And this tan note has
fully taken up and emph
linen French sailor hat, wor
thick Brussels lace veil, ta
en tout cas, lined with green, and
gloves and shoes.

The habitual wear of the thick veil, by the way, has been one of the notable dress features of the Cowes week, and bespeaks more strongly than ever the seriousness with which the cult of the com- exion has caught on. This is no ssing fad, as I have frequently ted out, but a move that, pro- d time will kindly eradicate all the right and safe exponents, only result in good.

A.

An original design for an alpaca blouse bodice

White, or some delicate tint, is suggested, with embroideries and buttons in some darker contrasting silk

(Drawn by K. Pleydell Young)

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£1 10*s.* per horse-power, if (1) all other charges on motors were included in the tax; (2) if this silly and absolutely useless police persecution ceased, the speed limit in open country being abolished; (3) if the money so collected was definitely allocated to a road maintenance and improvement fund. Of course, such a tax would be by no means popular with motorists. Even the average owner would pay something like £15 or £20 per annum, and, at first sight, it looks heavy. If, however, other matters were to be arranged on a sensible basis, I think that the bulk of motorists might be inclined to agree. The "if" is, however, a big one. I remember the number muddle—motorists were led to believe that, if they consented to be numbered, then a sensible speed limit would be fixed They got the numbers, and, in addition, a ridiculous speed limit, which has cost them thousands and done nobody any good. Once bit, twice shy, and our representatives must be careful that we do not get heavy additional taxation and no *quid pro quo*.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

Photo by *Stuffler*

The Herkomer Trophy Competition in Bavaria: Picturesque scenery on the Kesselberg

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The Editor's Box

A Special Appeal

Travellers on their way to Waterloo Station cannot have failed to notice the new buildings of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children. The original building was built in 1816, and was subsequently enlarged, but though it was designed in accordance with the best knowledge then available, sanitary reform has made such strides, that in 1902 the building was found to be out of date, not only from a sanitary standpoint, but in some cases an actual danger to the patients from the impossibility of keeping an old building, largely constructed of wood, free from injurious germs. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary, if the institution was to carry on its good work, to build new premises. These are now practically completed, but out of the £50,000 required only £20,000 has been raised. A special appeal is therefore being made to raise the remainder of the sum required, as the annual reliable income of the hospital is only £769 2*s*. All who are interested in trying to relieve at least some of the distress of one of the poorest neighbourhoods of London should write to the Hon. Secretary, The Special Appeal Committee, at 9, Regent Street, W.

Art and Advertising

Some of the best of the younger generation of artists and designers are to be found among the ranks of those whose efforts are applied to advertising. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have now in the press a royal 4to volume which contains examples of the work of John Hassall, Cecil Aldin, Fred Taylor, R. Pannett, A. Popini, R. P. Gossop, S. E. Scott, H. Rowntree, Lewis Baumer, and many others equally well known. This volume is intended to serve as a guide to the business man and advertiser in all matters relating to his advertising and printing, and will demonstrate the effect of nearly every possible method of reproduction. One part is devoted to the display of modern types, another to examples of poster work, and others to suggestions for pages in catalogues, besides examples of covers in colour.

A New Tourist Agency in London

There can be no doubt that our great tourist organisations have been the means of enabling thousands of people every year to enjoy Continental and foreign travel, and that many advantages are gained by joining a conducted party, and particularly is this the case when the journey is made by an inexperienced person. Foreign travel has, however, now become so universal, that a large number of visitors are found to whom many of the places are familiar, and they prefer to "go on their own," instead of forming a unit of a party. Messrs. Dean and Dawson, Ltd., whose chief office is at 82, Strand (entrance to Hotel Cecil), have introduced a very convenient form for individual travel whereby any person or party can consult with them and arrange their own itinerary, the firm making all arrangements and giving full particulars of cost and other incidental information. Parties travelling under such arrangement are free from the restriction of conducted parties. Messrs. Dean and Dawson, as tourist organisers and excursion agents, have had an experience of over thirty years, but their business has chiefly been confined to the North. They have, however, now entered London, and their new venture should be marked with considerable success.

"Where to Stay"

How often does one hear the holiday-maker complain after his holiday that such and such a place "is very decent, but there's no place to stay." This means, of course, that half the enjoyment of a restful holiday has been lost, and merely through not taking the simple precautionary measure of writing to the Gordon Hotels, Limited, Publicity Department, 450, Strand, W.C., for one of their little guides, which are sent post-free for the asking. In these little books, arranged alphabetically, will be found a thorough guide to the best hotels in the United Kingdom and abroad. All details which could possibly be of interest to the visitor are included, with distance and fares from London. This is the very thing one wants, and a post-card to the address given is all that is required of one to obtain possession of as handy a little guide as could be published.

Church Army Land Colonies Scheme

A donor, who desired to remain anonymous, has presented a freehold estate, comprising 740 acres, within forty miles of London, to the Church Army, for use in connection with the Land Colonies scheme formulated by the Rev. W. Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary of this Society. Mr. Carlile's tour of inspection of Labour Colonies on the Continent, will extend to Denmark, as well as to Holland, Belgium, and Germany.

Princes' Orchestra

The Princes' Orchestra, under the conductorship of Signor Bocchi, which has been delighting its numerous patrons in the Restaurant, was commanded to perform before His Majesty at Buckingham Palace. During the past few days many well-known people have been seen lunching or dining at Princes', as well as many of the French Naval Officers during their visit to London.

An Interesting Souvenir

The souvenir in "Commemoration of the Reception of Admiral Caillard and the Officers of the French Fleet" is a most elaborate and interesting volume, comprising ten views of the Houses of Parliament reproduced from negatives specially taken by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. Opposite each view appears descriptive matter in French, the letterpress being tastefully displayed in red and black. The binding is most artistic, the cover of white vellum being blocked in gold, with a laced design surrounding the inscription, in which are included the Arms of the two Houses of Parliament. The volume has been produced by Messrs. Blades, East and Blades, of 23, Abchurch Lane, E.C.

A Correction

In a recent number we published a page of photographs representing model country cottages at the Garden City Exhibition, Letchworth, furnished by Messrs. Heal and Son. The exhibit selected for illustration —No. 19 in the catalogue—was stated to have been built by Mr. Lionel Crane. This statement is erroneous, the model cottage in question having been constructed by Messrs. Smith and Brewer, architects, 2, Gray's Inn Square, W.C., to whom we beg to offer our apologies for the error in question.

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THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT)
BOSTON GARTER

In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.
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Cotton (check) 1s. pair.
Silk (plain) 2s. pair.
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BOURN & TANT, 150, Holborn, E.C. (corner Gray's Inn Road); 88, Newgate Street, E.C.; 23, Lime Street, City, E.C.; 121, Tottenham Court Road, W.

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